

## How Art Came to Sumpter.

Art came to Heart's Desire in the person of a world-famous singer, and Emerson Hough wrote a pretty story about it. Art came to Sumpter in the guise of a beautiful oil painting of a lady lightly clothed, but—alas and alack!—there is no one to tell the tale.

Despite the fact that Sumpter is a frontier mining camp—a modernized version of Yuba Dam, with electric light and paved street trimmings;—despite the fact that if the tourist blinds his eyes to Sumpter's brick blocks, and schools, and churches, and up-to-now residences, he will behold the prospect vile of a mining camp of other days—the days of forty-nine; despite the fact that during the march of years the lawless reign of the six-shooter has given place to the peaceful game of squaw hearts as an adjudicator of individual superiority; despite the fact that City Marshal Ed Rand is a very modern, and therefore unsatisfactory, copy of the imperial sheriff of Calaveras county, and that Judge Allen's court can give the old vigilante committee cards and spades and beat it to the goal of swift and retributive justice;—despite all these facts—or, maybe, precisely on their account—Sumpter is artistic. This is proven by the truthful recital of How Art Came to This Camp.

Jim Bloodso was Art's advance agent. Jim Bloodso is not his name—except for purposes of this tale. Everybody in Sumpter knows him—sometimes as The Real Old Slueth of the Blue Mountains; sometimes as the "Ex-Big Bill of Sumpter Politics." He went away about a year ago—and came back with Art. When he landed at the Sumpter Valley depot he lugged a precious package, 4x6 in the clear. Pride of possession showed in every lineament. It was as though he stood on a house-top with his 4x6 package and shouted: "This—this is Art."

On his way up town, Jim Bloodso stopped at Ed Hauser's Olympia saloon. He unwrapped his 4x6 package, stood to one side, waved his hand, and in a tragic voice announced:

"There!"

In the life of every man beauty comes at some time or other in some guise or other. To A it may be in the shape of money from home; to B it may be in the similitude of a sweetheart; to C it may be in the guise of son and heir. But to those who stood about Jim Bloodso's art treasure, beauty came in the guise of a recumbent female figure, draped in flesh-tinted high lights and a necklace of pearls.

Be it known by these presents that Ed Hauser is an Art connoisseur; he knows Art from sedita to hock; perspective, fore shortening, chairoscuro and such are as familiar to him as bacon and eggs. With a comprehending and admiring eye he gazed at Jim Bloodso's art treasure.

"How much?" asked he.

Jim named a price.

"Here's the rhino," said Hauser, and the deal was made.

Behind the bar at the Olympia hangs the painting. Patrons, in the act of crystal-gazing through the

bottom of pony glasses, behold it, and straightway choke, and gasp, and lean across the bar to be nearer, and then go away with a glad light in their eyes, happy through inoculation with the Art microbe.

From all the camps men came to see. To Bourne, to Granite, to Greenhorn, to Tipton, flashed the news that Art had come to Sumpter. A reflex glory illumined Jim Bloodso's pathway. The glory was too great and he diluted it with rye whiskey. Then he switched to Bourbon and trouble came to Sumpter. Bill Jones, manager of a mine over in the shadow of Old Baldy, came upon Bloodso. They lubricated, again and once again. At the end of the seance Bill Jones had bought from Jim Bloodso the treasure. Art had indeed come to Sumpter.

A still greater glory illumined Jim Bloodso's primrose pathway. The process of dilution he faithfully followed. In due time he met an old pal, to whom, as a mark of personal favor, he sold the art treasure. Later in the day he entered a saloon down the street, to find the proprietor sad and dour. Business was zero, he explained. That picture at Hauser's was drawing all the trade to the Olympia. Jim Bloodso's tender heart melted. He sold the art picture to the sad saloon man. When the rosy sun at setting time halted on the western horizon and so hung with a red-eye leering through the window of the Olympia saloon, for a last, long, lingering look at the art treasure—when evening came to Sumpter, came also to Hauser the various owners of Jim Bloodso's painting. They came to take away the goods.

It were wise to draw the veil of silence over the scene which followed. Even the presence of the beautiful lady, so lightly clothed, failed to act repressive of language. A cardinal tenet of art connoisseurship, however, is to stand pat. If you don't know, don't let on. Hauser stood pat. The lady in obvious dishabille still smiles behind his bar. Art has come—to stay.

Jim Bloodso says it was all a josh. Art affects some people that way.

## PLACER MINERS DISAPPOINTED

A special from Shoshone Falls, dated Wednesday night, to the Boise Salesman, says: The great Shoshone falls are sadly out of tune tonight. Their thunders are subdued, and it is expected that by morning their voices will have subsided to a murmur. Probably never before in the tens of thousands of years have the lava walls found so little to echo back to the precipice over which the Snake falls in a mighty cataract, and the spirit that haunts the caverns must feel that something has occurred to still the sound that has echoed here during all the countless centuries that have passed since nature prepared this gorge through the lava

and directed the river upon its precipitous course.

At this hour the amount of water coming over the falls is estimated at two-thirds of what it was before the gates were closed at the Twin falls dam. Some think there is not more than one-quarter of the usual flow. The crest of the falls is bare, the water finding its way over at two places, one on either side. It is expected the volume of water will be much reduced by morning.

It was about five hours after the closing of the gates before the effect upon the falls was noticeable, the water having some 30 miles to run.

Word from Milner at this hour is that the water in the dam is up to a point eighteen inches below the bed of the canal. The rise has been much more rapid than expected, it having been estimated the canal level would not be reached by the water in less than two days. Now, however, the river is spreading out above and the rise is very slow.

The canal is 48 feet above the level of the river, and the dam is 7 feet high.

The water has been backed up many miles. A report from the site of the proposed railway bridge fifteen miles above the dam, is to the effect that the water has risen three feet there at the time the information was sent.

The engineers estimate it will take between three and four days for the dam to fill. The river will then pour through the spillway that has been provided. This is over the surface of an island of solid rock between two sections of the dam. Water will be let into the irrigation canal after the dam shall have filled sufficiently, enough being admitted for puddling purposes.

There is a great celebration at Milner. It began last night with a magnificent display of fireworks, and this has been duplicated tonight.

Friday and Saturday the students of the Albion schools will be here to see the falls with the water off.

Placer miners were strung out all the way from the dam to the walls today and were working like beavers, but they were not securing returns. At Springtown, the site of an old placer camp in the canyon, there was a large gang. They thought they would find much gold there, but so far as known they did not meet with much success. They have rockers and are working over the bars diligently in search of something that will pay.

Another section of the Twin Falls townsite was opened today and lots amounting to \$35,000 were sold in an hour.

### Deepest Well 6000 Feet.

The deepest well ever drilled in America, according to an unknown exchange, was put down by the Forest Oil company at West Elizabeth, Pennsylvania, twelve miles from Pittsburgh, to a depth of 6,000 feet. It was strated 100 feet below the Pittsburgh coal vein. There was only one string of casing in the well, it being six and a quarter and 900 feet deep. At the depth of 2,285 feet a flow of gas was struck which was sufficient to make steam to drill the rest of the hole. At 5,500 feet the temperature was 129 degrees. At that rate the heat equal to the boiling point of water—212 degrees—would be found at the depth of 9,000 feet. At the depth of 5,500 feet the crown pulley broke, cut the rope and dropped the tools 100 feet, which caused a stay of proceedings. To drill this well it was necessary to have extra heavy machin-

ery. They used two 25 horse power engines, two 25 horse power boilers, three bull ropes, sixteen inch belt, thirteen and one-half foot band wheel, five inch forged shaft and crank, four and one-half foot flanges, two brakes on the bull wheels and two cables applied together, making about 6,000 feet. One cable, two and one-quarter inches in diameter, and weighing 5,600 pounds, was used at the bottom of the well, and the cable that was used at the top of the hole was two and seven-eighths inches in diameter and weighed 8,400 pounds, making a total weight of cable 14,000 pounds, which would represent a value of about \$2,250. The tools used to drill with were the ordinary size. Approximate cost of the well, about \$40,000.

### SINKING PLANT FOR THE SHERRIDEN AND EMPIRE

O. C. Wright, general manager of the Blue Bird, Buckhorn and Black Butte mines, who is also general western representative of Wheeler & Co., the New York bankers, will have charge of development work on the Phil Sheridan and Empire groups on Granite creek, recently acquired by Wheeler & Co. Four parallel veins have been opened on the Phil Sheridan and three on the Empire. On the latter five feet of shipping ore shows on the surface. Manager Wright's plans include the installation of a steam hoist on the Sherriden and the sinking of a 500-foot shaft, from which a crosscut will run to the Empire veins. Simultaneously a shaft will be sunk on the Empire to connect with the crosscut from the Sheridan. Rich ore shows on the Sheridan. Leases last year took out two tons, which returned better than \$100 per ton net. They were driven out by water. Manager Wright will install a pumping plant of capacity sufficient to meet all emergencies.

### K. W. S. Laboratory.

Assitant Engineer Keuhn, of the Killeu, Warner, Stewart company, yesterday completed the arrangement of his chemical laboratory and assay office, and attacked a couple of hundred samples of ore from the Standard group of mines. The K. W. S. laboratory is one of the most complete in eastern Oregon. An electrolytic apparatus is on the way, and when this is intalled the office will compare favorably with any private laboratory in the northwest. Mr. Keuhn's work at present is confined to making fire tests for gold, silver, copper, nickel and lead. Chief Consulting Engineer Nicholson is still in Denver, making a second elaborate mill test of the 16 tons of copper-gold-cobalt ore from the multi-metalled Standard.

### California Man for Crane Flat.

A. Burch, the Spokane man, came down from the Crane Flat placers last night to meet the California man, who is to install the big dredger, now on the ground at that property. "This gentleman is to have entire charge of the work," said Mr. Burch last night, "and while I have secured a full working crew and put them to moving the snow out of the way, we will do nothing until he gets here, which, I presume, will be tomorrow morning. I am sanguine that so far as we are concerned, a good water season is assured."—Kerald.